

Desiree and Room 477

“I want the scene to be so realistic that I just have to go in...”

“I’m sorry, ma’am, no visitors here. Sorry. Them’s the rules,” explained the male nurse.

“Couldn’t you make an exception just this once, Dahling? You know, your chin is so dimply and cute...would you mind if I touched it? Oh...it’s so firm. Have you ever thought of doing any show biz?”

“You think I could, really? I have seen a few of your films, ma’am and I have liked ‘em both.” He carefully stroked his chin and wished he normally carried a mirror.

Desiree purred, “Oh, yes. Of course! By the by, please don’t call me ma’am. I’m not married you big silly! I could give you my agent’s card if I could only...”

“Maybe I could just pop out for a smoke and then whiles I wasn’t lookin’ you could wander on past me real nice like.” The orderly tried not to notice just how short her skirt was.

She silkily slid past him, being certain that he felt more of her body than most casual pedestrians might and headed to room 477 in the isolation ward. Her stiletto heels clicked sharply but lightly down the cold tiled floor.

The drab gray door was now right there as her contact had promised. There was a narrow slit for a food tray to be passed through and a small window scarred with apparently frantic scratches. Desiree had been promised that it was a padded room with no way out and the woman inside would not be able to break the glass. Now was her

chance, if she didn't act quickly, the nurse might just remember he didn't get any agent phone number.

Desiree whispered softly, "Hey, hey there."

A shifty sound from the other side.

"Hey, I know you can't see me. I'm at the food slot. Come closer please. Please?"

No noise this time.

"I promise I won't hurt you. I just want to talk. I get so lonely sometimes. Do you know what I mean? No one listens, but I will. Okay?"

Desiree thought maybe there may have been a bit of a slipper shuffle. She had been told that the woman may be in a straight jacket.

"I work for a film company and I want to learn to be you."

Yes, she was certain there was a noise nearer the door this time. She spoke louder.

"I need to know what it's like. I want to know how I should hold my arms, what my eyes should look like, how my voice should sound. It's going to be my biggest role and I want it to be perfect. I can even work out a deal that no one has to know it's your story and maybe I can arrange you to see the film if you want." Desiree said.

"Wha?"

"What was that? I couldn't quite hear you?" asked Desiree as gently and as motherly as she could muster.

"What is your name?"

“That’s not important. You see, I don’t even need to know your name and some day I might be able to get you out of here.”

*Oh yeah, that’s a good one. As if she would risk her career for this loony behind the door whose scar she would give a thousand smackeroos to see. Better keep pouring the honey on or maybe she’ll bash her head off the walls too hard and not talk enough.*

“I could you know. I have enough power. I want to be you for the movie, but nobody has to know. I made sure the nurses aren’t going to hear or see us. I wish you could open the door.”

The inmate said, “No, I can’t open it. It’s locked. They always keep it locked unless they need to clean me up if I get all bleedy or something.”

With forced sincerity, Desiree simply gushed, “Oh, you don’t mean that they cut you up do they sweetie?”

*It would be even more dramatic if she had tried to slash her own wrists and rub them on the window now. That’s what she might even do in the movie, with fake blood of course.*

“No, they don’t cut me. The straps are sometimes too tight.”

As her story began, Desiree smiled. It was all she would need to make the movie into a film critic’s dream.